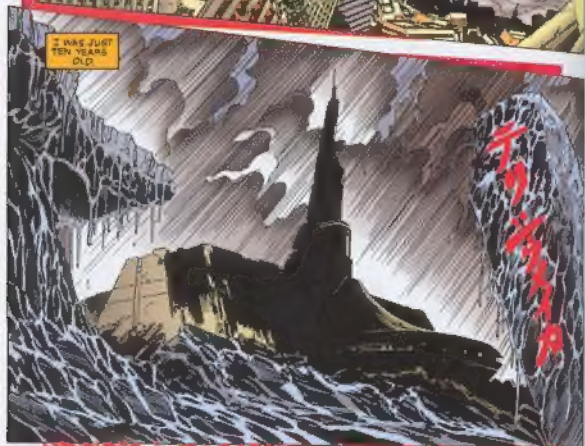




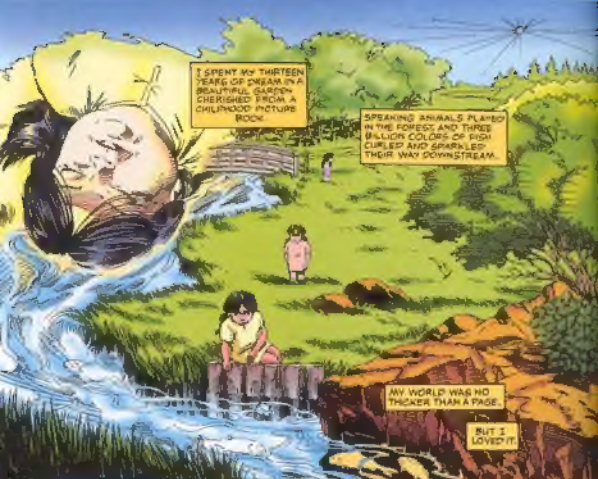
IT WAS COMPOSED
OF FRAGMENTARY
IMAGES...

OF ANIRA...
NEO-TOKYO

OF TETRAID
THE FUTURE...

Candy Flower
NAPALM

STORY: WARREN ELLIS
ART: TERRY SHOEMAKER
COLOR: BRIAN BUCKLEARD



I SPENT MY THIRTEEN YEARS OF DREAM IN A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN, CHERISHED FROM A CHILDHOOD PICTURE BOOK.

SPEAKING ANIMALS PLAYED IN THE FOREST, AND THREE BILLION COLORS OF FISH CURLED AND SPARKLED THEIR WAY DOWNSTREAM.

MY WORLD WAS NO THICKER THAN A PAGE.

BUT I LOVED IT.

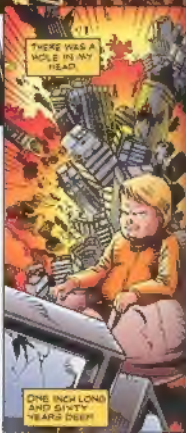
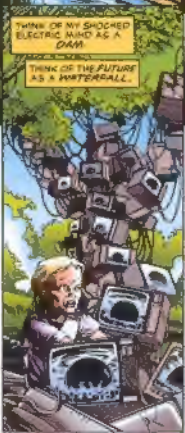


THINK OF MY SHOCKED ELECTRIC WIND AS A DAM.

THINK OF THE FUTURE AS A WATERFALL.

AT FIRST, I SNORED THE STARK GEEP-TAGS INTO MY PAPER GARDEN.

THE TREES WERE JUST TREES, I SAID, AND MADE IT SO IN MY OWN HEAD.



THERE WAS A HOLE IN MY HEAD.

ONE INCH LONG AND SIXTY YEARS DEEP.



ONE DAY, THE HOLE
GOT BIG ENOUGH
FOR THE RAIN TO
FALL THROUGH.



CANDY RAIN, WRAPPED
IN LURID GREEN AND
SUFFOCATING WHITE.



FISH BECAME BOYS,
HURLING THEMSELVES OUT
OF THEIR STREAM.

THEY DIDN'T EVEN
UNWRAP THE STUFF.

THEY TOOK IT IN
WOLFISH GULPS,
LIKE DROWNING
MEN SURFACING
IN AIR.

NEEDING
IT.



I DIDN'T
TRUST IT.

I NEVER LIKED CANDY—
TOO FAST A PLEASURE.

CANDY GOING ON EASY
FACES, SWELLING OF
LOOKEE ROOMS AND
BEDSHEETS.

I NEVER TRUSTED BOYS.



ONE ATE
FASTER THAN
THE OTHERS.

HIS EYES LIT UP LIKE
CREMATION FIRES, AND
HIS BELLY BECAME TIGHT
AND DISTENDED.

THE OTHER BOYS
COULDN'T HANDLE
THE CANDY.

THEY GOT
SICK.

THE FUTURE RAN IN THEIR BLOOD AND SWEAT.

BUT THE STRONG
BOY... THE CANDY
MADE HIM STRONGER.

HE RAN INTO THE
FOREST—SEPARATED
FOREVER FROM THE
ORDINARY STREAM.

THE BLOOD ON MY
PAPER GARDEN
DROVE ME OUT
OF MY MIND—
EXTERMINALLY.

MY SUBCONSCIOUS
PROBED BEYOND
MY CLOACHESTER,
LOOKING FOR A
SAFER ME TO
HIDE IN.

INSTEAD,
I FOUND...
RELIGION.

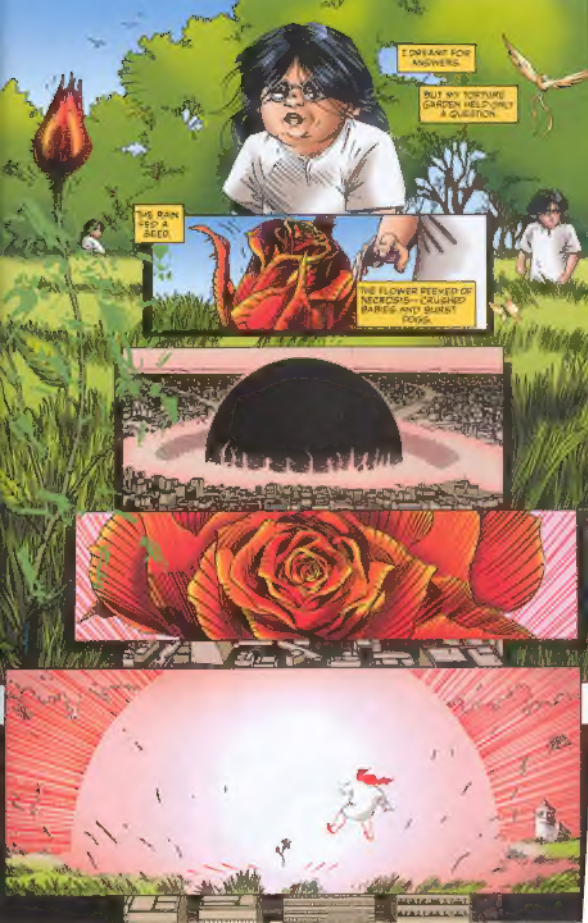
SHE'S

Cathy

SHE'S
WATCHING
US.

NO RECENT OCCIDENTAL
GOD WAS IN THEM, AND
IN MY HORROR, NO
TOLERANT BUDDHA WAS
IN ME.

FOR MY WORLD—WE IT
CLEAN PAPER OR FILTHY
TRUTH—TO MAKE SENSE,
I NEEDED SOMETHING
ELSE...



I DREAMT FOR
ANSWERS.

BUT MY TORTURE
GARDEN HELD ONLY
A QUESTION.

THE RAIN
FED A
SEED.



THE FLOWER REEVED OF
NECROSIS—CRUSHED
BARKS AND BURST
DOGS.





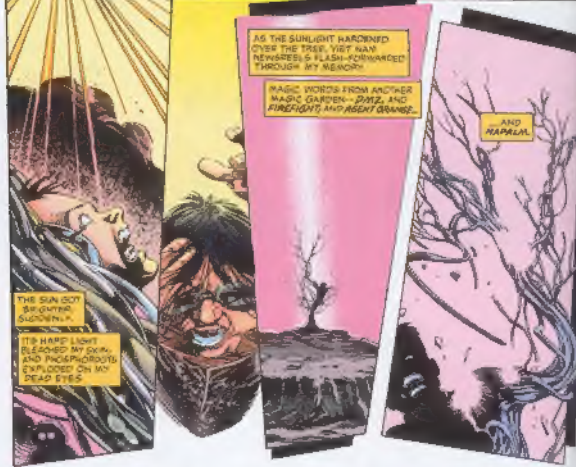
THE LAST OF MY
CHILDHOOD CAME DOWN
AS FALLOUT.

I WAITED FOR IT TO
FINISH WITH HOT
BLACK SNOW ON MY
SHOULDER.



ONLY ONE SINGLE
TREE IN MY BEAUTY-
FUL FOREST SUR-
VIVED THE STORM.

I COULDN'T
BURY MYSELF
TO TOUCH IT.



AS THE SUNLIGHT HARDENED
OVER THE TREE, VIET NAM
NEWSREELS FLASH-FORWARDED
THROUGH MY MEMORY.

MAGIC WORDS FROM ANOTHER
MAGIC GARDEN--DUMZ, AND
FIREFIGHT, AND AGENT ORANGE...

AND
NAPALM.

THE SUN GOT
BRIGHTER
SUDDENLY.

ITS HARD LIGHT
BLEACHED MY SKIN,
AND PHOSPHORUS
EXPLODED ON MY
DEAD EYES.



PRECOGNITION IS NOT
LIKE HAVING A POSSIBL
ON THE FUTURE DROPPED
AT YOUR FEET.

IT REQUIRES STRENGTH
AND FAITH. IT MUST BE
DECIPHERED.

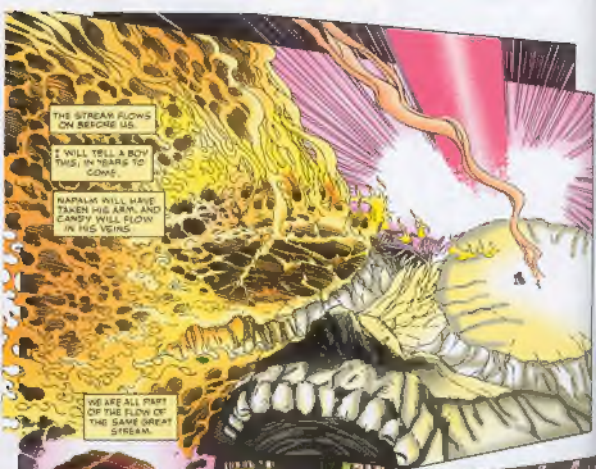
SO I STOOD IN MY GOLD
GARDEN AND READ THE
FUTURE IN THE MOVE-
MENT OF BLOOD IN AIR.

THEN IT WAS ME.

CANDY.

FLOWER.

NAPALM.



THE STREAM FLOWS
ON BEFORE US.

I WILL TELL A BOY
THIS, IN YEARS TO
COME.

NAPALM WILL HAVE
TAKEN HIS ARM, AND
CANDY WILL FLOW
IN HIS VEINS.

WE ARE ALL PART
OF THE FLOW OF
THE SAME GREAT
STREAM.



AND IS
OUTSIDE
THE STREAM.



THE UNIVERSE
FLOWS TOWARD
THE ULTIMATE
CONCLUSION.